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EUGENIO:

OR, THE

DISCONSOLATE SHEPHERD.

A
D J R G E

On the DEATH of

DORINDA.

*Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumina fagos
Assidue veniebat, ibi hæc incondita solus
Mentibus, & Sylvæ studio jactabat inani.* Virg. Ec. 2. l. 3.

*HE often to the Desert came alone,
And thus, beneath the Beechen Shade wou'd mone
His Sorrows all around, in piteous Tone.*



LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, in Pater Noster Row. 1743.

[Price Six-Pence.]

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A

TRAGEDY

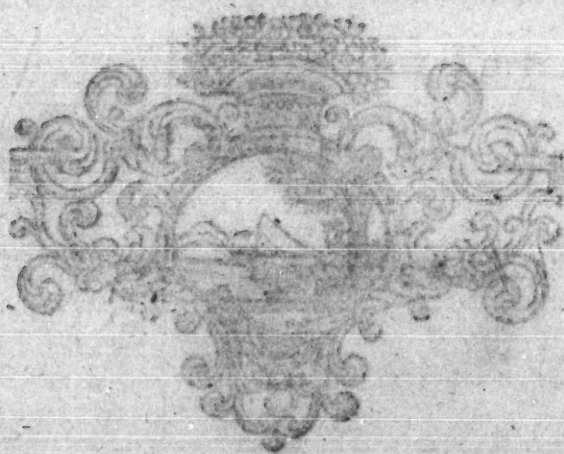
On the DEATH of

DORINDA.

Translated into English by
M. Cooper, Esq. of the Middle Temple.
Viz. Ec. 2. l. 3.



He often to the Desert came alone,
And there, beneath the Beechen Shade, would moan
His Sorrows all around, in piteous Tone.



LONDON.

Printed for M. Cooper, in Paten No. 10. 1743.

[Price Six-Pence.]

EUGENIO:

OR, THE

DISCONSOLATE SHEPHERD.

IN a lone VALLE, which Nature made
A sad and melancholy Shade,
Where *Wretched* only find Relief,
EUGENIO rov'd to ease his Grief:
Despair stood by, and sigh'd at ev'ry Groan,
And *Pity* wept, to hear the *Shepherd's* Moan.

MOURN all ye Hills

Sigh ev'ry Breeze!

Weep all ye Rills!

Fade all ye Trees!

Ye Flowers! in Tears of melting Dew,

With drooping Heads your Sorrow shew.

Kind Echo did his Moans reply,

And gave him back a friendly Sigh!

SING

(4)

II.

SING plaintive Notes,

Ye tuneful Birds !

Lament ye Goats !

And weep ye Herds !

DORINDA's gone to Shades below,

And left Me here to nourish Woe:

Kind Echo did his Sighs return,

And gave him back a friendly Moan.

III.

A D I E U, my Flocks !

Adieu, ye Dales !

Farewel, ye Rocks !

And flow'ry Vales !

Ye Nymphs that in the Woods do dwell,

To Love, and You, ---- A long Farewel !

A long Farewel doth Echo cry,

A long Farewel the Woods reply.

HERE trickling Tears in Numbers falling flow

Till Tears succeeding Tears in Torrents flow :

In Floods of Sorrow thus the Shepherd lies,

The Brook receives his Tears, the Wind his Sighs.

At length relax'd, dilate with wild Dispair,

Rav'd to the Winds, and yell'd this frantic Pray'r.

I.

R A V E, all ye Winds ! loud Thunder ! roar :

Fierce Lighting ! scorch the frightened Shoar:

Let

Let Savage Beast, in dismal Cries

Bellow aloud, and rend the Skies:

L E T horrid Monsters of the Wood,

Be roaring heard to distant Flood;

Let howling Wolves my Griefs disclose,

And hollow Rocks repeat my Woes!

DORINDA'S gone to Shades below,

And left me Here to nourish Woe.

ALL Pleasures known to Us, fond Swains!

Our merry Meetings on the Plains!

Ah, merry Meetings! quite forgot!

Our Roundelays in Dina's Grot!

Our Ev'ning Sports from Us are fled,

Love's now no more--- DORINDA's dead!

Mourn Her, ye Hills! ye Vallies! mone,

My Bright DORINDA--- dead and gone!



WHERE's now those Eyes, could set the World on fire!

Where's now that Tongue that did all Tongues inspire!

Where's now that Bloom, and that enchanting Grace,

Where's all the speaking Beauties of the Face!

Pale are the Roses, and the Lillies fade,

Their lovely Hue are in their Spring decay'd.

Those balmy Lips that once did Thirst supply,

Are parch'd themselves, and all their Springs are dry!

That Tongue, those Eyes, and that enchanting Grace,

Now lye forsaken in a mould'ring Place.

Say,

Say, all ye Shepherds of the Grove!

Are these the Fruits of faithful Love?

IN silent Woe mourns ev'ry Mead;

The tuneful Birds all cease to sing;

My bleating Flocks neglect to feed;

Nor fragrant Flowers forth do spring:

All Nature mourns **DORINDA** dead!

In Earth laid low—and lapt in Lead.

II.

TH E curling Streams forget to flow;

The Silver Fish forbear to glide;

The fanning Winds now cease to blow;

And Beasts no more in Woods abide:

All Nature mourns **DORINDA** dead!

In Earth laid low—and lapt in Lead.



TH E Shepherd paus'd awhile to weep,

And Sorrow sunk his Thoughts in Sleep;

When Phrenzy drew her Vision plain,

And wildly thus He raves again:

II.

SE E the frightful Hand of Fate,

Fills my Soul with *Fear* and *Hate*;

Fear and *Pity*, I forswear y'

Horrid *Monster*! thus I tear y';

Give me back my *Love* again;

Here *She* is, --- and here's her *Suain*.

LET

II.

L E T me go and see her Face,
Furies ! fly the wretched Place ;
 See the Wild-beast, how they fly,
 Thinking *Fate*, and *Furies* nigh.

Soft, my Soul ! and ease thy Anguish,
 Yet a little longer languish.



F O R ever gone——relentless *Death !*

O cruel and unkind,
 To rob my *Fair-one* of her Breath,
 And leave her *Swain* behind.

Declare my Fate, the welcome Sentence give ;
 With *Her* 'tis Life to *die*, without *Her*—Death to *live*.

DORINDA's gone to *Shades below*,
And left Me here to nourish Woe :
Say, all ye Shepherds of the Grove !
Are these the Fruits of faithful Love ?



T H U S when the *Turtle's* lost his *Mate*,
 Sad in the Grove he sits alone ;
 Bewailing his unhappy Fate,
 Coos to the Wind, and makes his Mone :
 Nor Sighs nor Mones can ease his Grief ;
 And Winds deny to give Relief.

F I N I S.

And Winds deny to give Relief.

Nor sighs nor Moans can ease his Grief;

Cries to the Wind, and makes his Moans:

Bewailing his unhappy Fate,

Sad in the Grove he sits alone;

THUS when the Turtle left his Mate,

Are these the Fruits of faithful Love?

Say, all ye Shepherds of the Groves!

And left Me here to mournful Woe:

DORINDA'S gone to Shades below,

With Her, his Life to die, without Death to live,

Declare my Fate, the welcome Sentence give;

And leave her Trembling behind.

To rob my Fair-one of her Breath,

O cruel and unkind,

FOR ever gone—relentless Death!

Yet a little longer languish.

Sole, my Soul! and ease thy Anguish,

Thinking Fate, and Fainter night, or Fainter day,

See the Wild-beast, how they fly,

Twice! fly the wretched Place;

LET me go and see her Face!

